

# The Green Fields of France

by Eric Bogle

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Well, how do you do, young Willie McBride?  
Do you mind if I sit here down by your graveside?  
And rest for a while in the warm summer sun  
I've been walking all day, and I'm nearly done  
I see by your gravestone you were only nineteen  
When you joined the great fallen in 1916  
I hope you died well and I hope you died clean  
Or young Willie McBride, was it slow and obscene?

*Chorus:*

*Did they beat the drum slowly, did they play the fife lowly?  
Did they sound the death march as they lowered you down?  
Did the band play The Last Post in chorus?  
Did the pipes play the Flowers of the Forest?*

Did you leave a wife or a sweetheart behind?  
In some faithful heart is your memory enshrined?  
Although, you died back in 1916  
In that faithful heart are you forever nineteen?  
Or are you a stranger without even a name  
Enclosed in forever behind the glass frame  
In an old photograph, torn, battered and stained  
And faded to yellow in a brown leather frame?

*Chorus*

The sun now it shines on the green fields of France  
There's a warm summer breeze that makes the red poppies dance  
And look how the sun shines from under the clouds  
There's no gas, no barbed wire, there's no guns firing now  
But here in this graveyard it's still No Man's Land  
The countless white crosses stand mute in the sand  
To man's blind indifference to his fellow man  
To a whole generation that were butchered and damned

*Chorus*

Ah young Willie McBride, I can't help wonder, why?  
Do those that lie here know why did they die?  
And did they believe when they answered the call?  
Did they really believe that this war would end wars?  
Well the sorrow, the suffering, the glory, the pain  
The killing and dying, were all done in vain  
For young Willie McBride, it all happened again  
And again, and again, and again, and again

*Chorus*